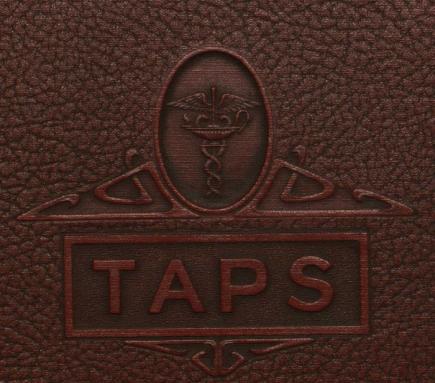
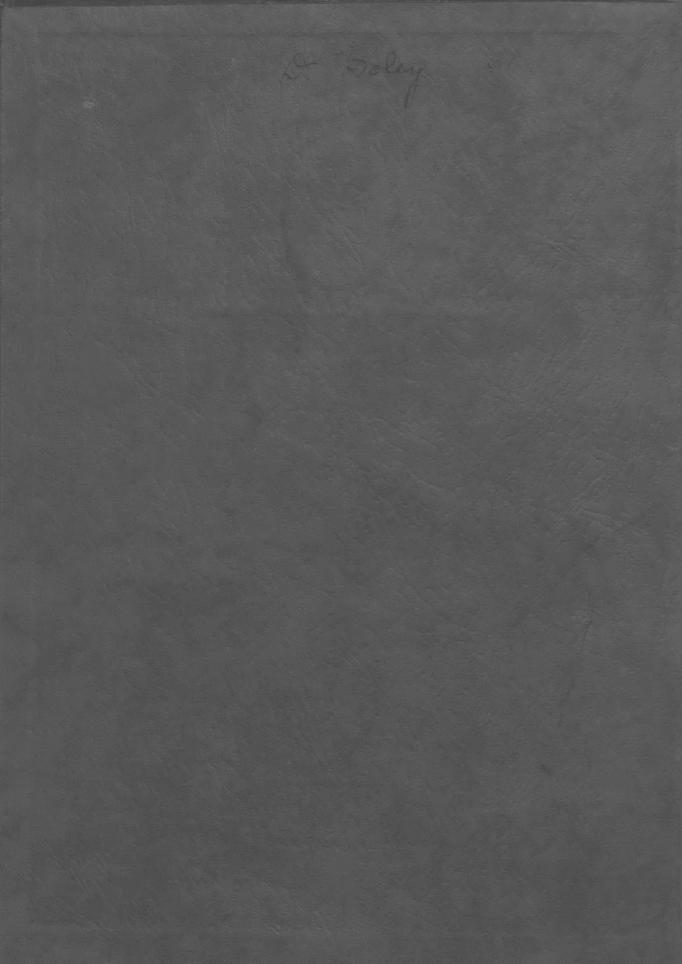
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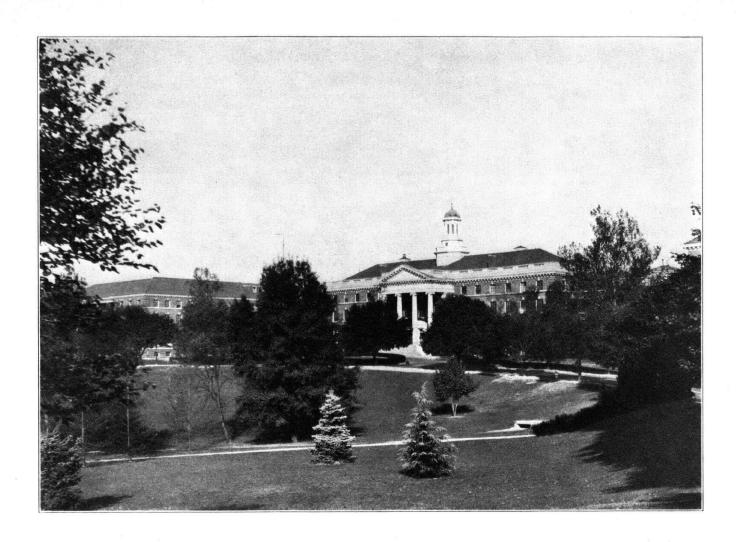
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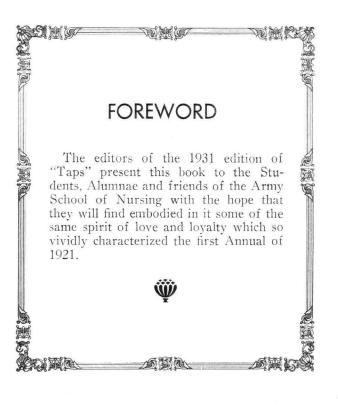


TADJ 1931



Army I chool of Nursing Walter Reed Hospital Washington, D. C.





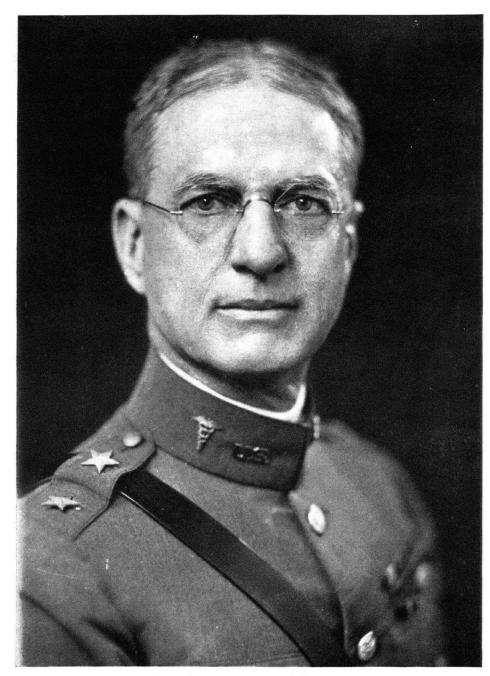
DEDICATION

The Class of 1931 dedicates This Our Year Book to

RUTH I. TAYLOR

who for three years has watched our progress with friendly interest, observing our little joys and sorrows with quiet amusement, yet ever ready to guide us when danger threatened and to give us good counsel from her rich field of experience.





Maj. Gen. Merritte W. Ireland The Surgeon General



Maj. Julia C. Stimson Dean, Army School of Nursing



A garden is a lonesome thing, God wot!

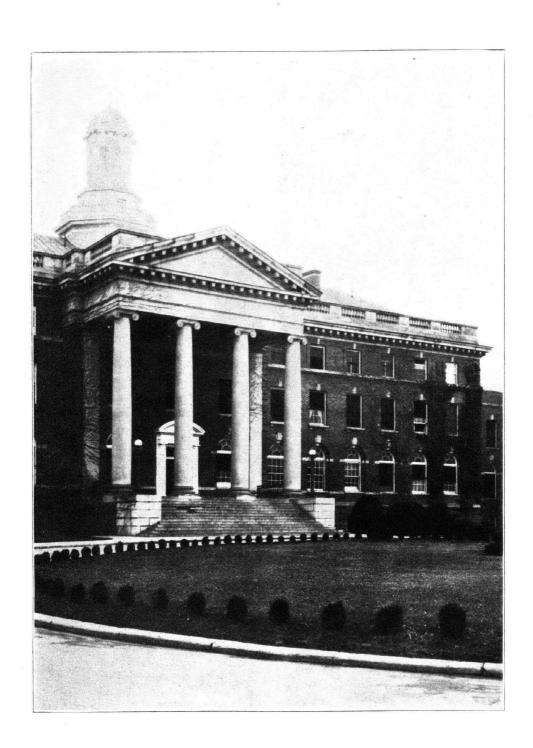
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,

Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

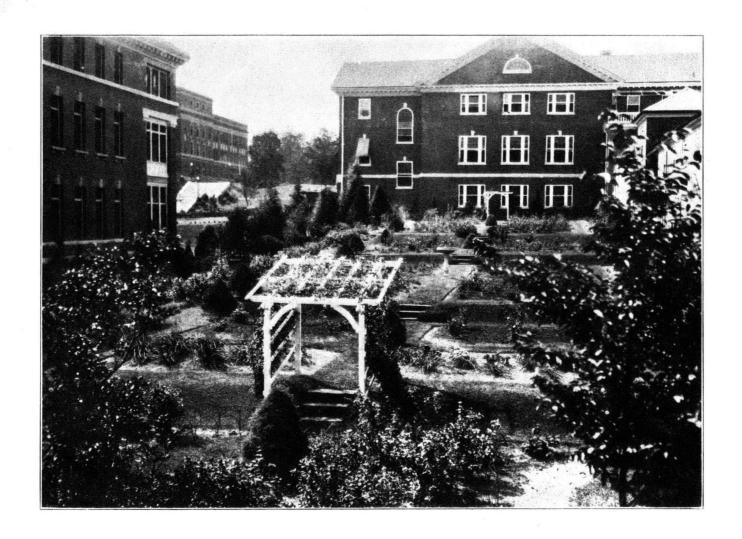
Thomas E. Brown.



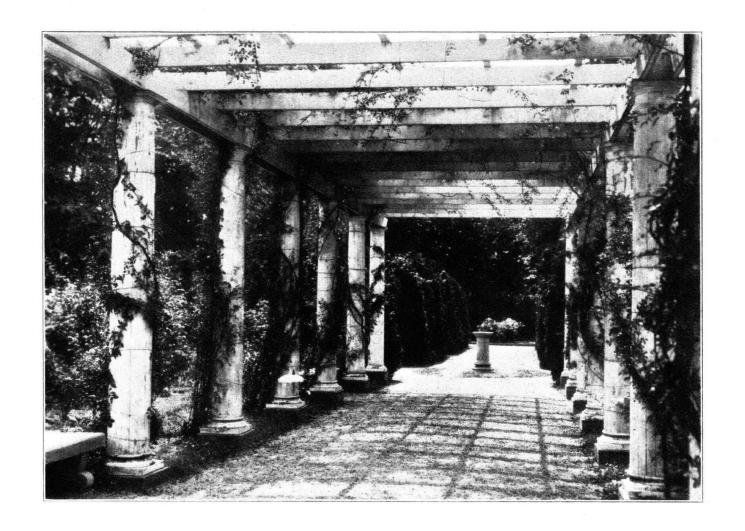


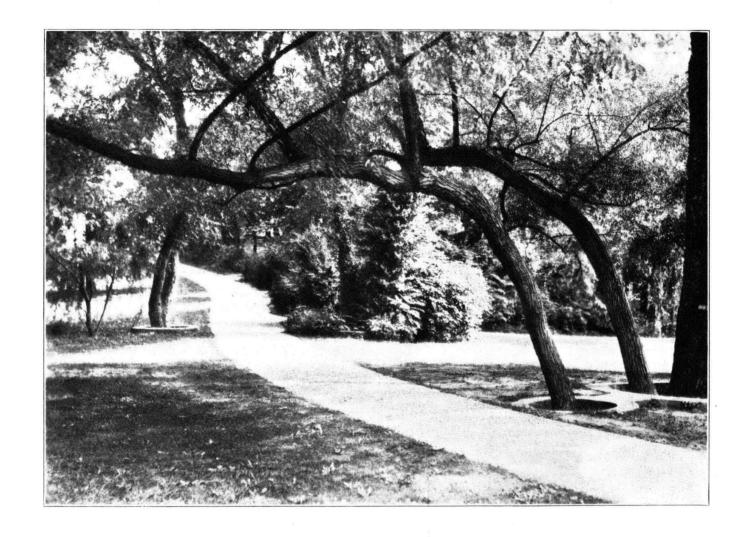














OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION

Colonel William L. Keller, M. C., Director of Surgical Instruction and Clinics
Colonel Edward B. Vedder, M. C., Director, Department of Preventive Medicine and Clinic Pathology
Lt. Col. Ernest R. Gentry, M.C. Director of Medical Instruction and Clinics
MAJOR NORMAN T. KIRK, M.CAmputations and Orthopedic Conditions
MAJOR OSCAR P. SNYDER, D.COral Manifestations of Systemic Diseases
MAJOR CHARLES B. KENDALL, M.C
MAJOR J. VINCENT FALISI, M.C
MAJOR FRANK D. FRANCIS, M.C.,
Communicable Disease; Dermatology; Dict in Disease; Pediatrics
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Major Roy D. Stout, D.C
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MAJOR FRANK T. CHAMBERLIN, M.C Drill and Transportation of Patients
MAJOR CARLTON C. STARKES, M.C
CAPTAIN JOHN W. CLEAVE, M.A.CElements of Administra, on
Captain Earle G. G. Standlee, M.C





SUPERVISORS

1st Lieutenant, Mary W. Tobin, A.N.C. Director of the Army School of Nursing

1st Lieutenant, RUTH I. TAYLOR, A.N.C.

1st Lieutenant, L. Gertrude Thompson, A.N.C.

1st Lieutenant, Myrtle P. Hodgkins, A.N.C.

1st Lieutenant, RUTH D. JOHNSON, A.N.C.

2nd Lieutenant, MILDRED C. ELLIS, A.N.C.

2nd Lieutenant, M. Genevieve Phillips. A.N.C.

2nd Lieutenant, Rosalte D. Calhoun, A.N.C.

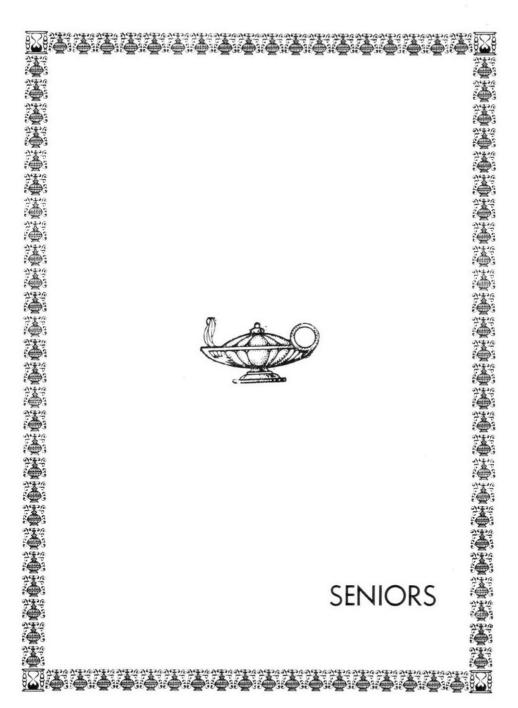
2nd Lieutenant, Gladys Samples, A.N.C.





WARD SURGEONS

Post Surgeon
Wards 1, 4
Wards 2, 5
Ward 6Major Arden Freer
Ward 7Major Fred B. Hickson
Ward 8
Ward 9 Lieutenant Ralph V. Plew
Ward 10Major Richard T. Arnest
Ward 11Major Percy Carroll
Ward 12
Wards 14, 15
Wards 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Major Patrick S. Madigan Major Cleve C. Odom Major John S. Gibson
Ward 21
Wards 24, 25, 26
Ward 27
Ward 28Major Charles B. Kendall
Ward 29
Ward 30
Ward 31
Ward 32
Wards 33, 34, 35 Major Elgin C. Pratt
Ward 36
Ward 37
Ward 38Lieutenant Alonzo Dawson
Ward G. U







CLASS OFFICERS

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Honorary Member





MESSAGE FROM CLASS PRESIDENT

A free three years we arrive at our goal, and thrusting forth eager hands to grasp it, we find it gone. Again we are facing new fields to conquer But would we have it otherwise?

Looking back over the many months spent here and on our affiliations, we must realize what the experience has meant to us—the joys and griefs, the hard work and play, the tears and laughter, all intermingled. The close ties of friendships formed, the gladness and sorrow shared, have gone to weave a tapestry as rich as ever woven by the old Persians. It will be cherished forever in our house of memories.

Though widely scattered we will ever be united by bonds welded by the rich examples set us during these years.

And may my sincere good wishes for your happiness and future success follow you after you have left WALTER REED.

MYRTLE L. WINNES.



ZENOBIA A. BAKER Louisburg, N. C.

"You are a person of some interest, one comes to you And takes strange gain away."

ESTHER E. BARNETT Edwardsville, Ill.

"She has the glad young smile that poppies wear In quiet gardens when the day comes in."

FRANCES J. BERNASEK Edwardsville, Ill.

"But if she smiled a light was on her face, A clear, cool kindliness."





ELIZABETH BILISOLY Washington, D. C.

"I am impervious, I do not need For food or warmth, or sight of foreign shore I have enough to meet the hour's need."

DAISY V. BOLEY Roanoke, Va.

"I am agog for news; on tiptoc for a chat."

ELEANOR L. BOOTH Burlington, Vt.

"I want a brook and pine trees, I want a storm to blow Long-lunged across the looming hills, with rain and sleet and snow."

NAOMI BRYAN Columbus, N. J.

"Come, tell me Coz,—what do the ladies wear?

The kirtles prithee, are they full this year?"

STELLA C. COPLEY Scottsdale, Pa.

"Her beauty twinkleth like a star Within the frosty night."

ELAINE COUGHLIN Swampscott, Mass.

"And in that cheek and o'er that brow So soft, so calm, yet cloquent The smiles that win, the tints that glow But tell of days in goodness spent."













GRACE M. CRAFT Grass Lake, Mich.

"I am content with what I have Little be it or much."

GENEVIEVE E. DALEY Cazenovia, N. Y.

"She holds her little thoughts in sight Though gay they run and leap. She is so circumspect and right She has her soul to keep."

MARJORIE DREW Live Oak, Fla.

"If, when I met you, I were Horrie Nelson
Captured, capsizing, Oh! I would have been a wreck
Steering into battle with the topsail on the kelson
The rudder on the deck."

MABEL EMBERY Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am in love with high far-seeing places
That look on plains half sunlight and half storm."

GERTRUDE EMMONS Lowell, Mass.

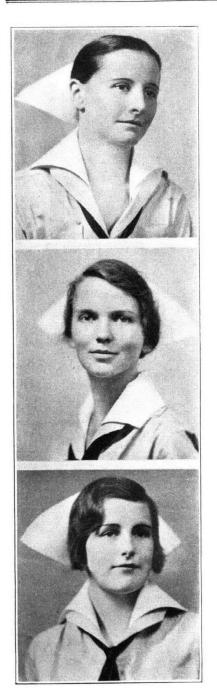
"I'd rather love one blade of grass
That grows on one New England
hill
Than drain the whole world in a
glass
Of fortune, when the heart is still."

IRENE C. EVANS Plainfield, Conn.

"I thank whatever Gods may be For my unconquerable soul."







MARY FRENEY

South Manchester, Conn.

"Mysterious, meditative, unapproachable
And her eyes are pools which shine in deep canyons."

ELIZABETH G. HALL West Medford, Mass.

"A rose as fair as ever saw the north."

BERNICE HATHAWAY Decatur, III.

"From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass Like little ripples down a sunny river."

PERCY E. HILZIM Natchez, Miss.

"Such a child! Yet how magnificently Little, lavish, unsubdued, impetuous."

MARIAN HOLLOWAY Portsmouth, Va.

"You are the Spring
If a face should bloom instead of an
Apple bough."

MARION E. KALKMAN Newport, R. I.

"You are of the green sea, And of the stone hills which reach a long distance."









MIRIAM W. MADDEN New York City, N. Y.

"She's not too careless, not conventional quite,

Does what she likes, knows what she does is right."

DOROTHY McCARTY Washington, D. C.

"One crowded hour of glorious life So worth an age without a name."

MARY M. McKNIGHT Baltimore, Md.

"She rows, rides, dances—admirably done!
Delights in each and yet depends on none."

MARY E. NAGLE Allentown, Pa.

"My heart is like a singing bird Because my love is come to me."

BEULAH M. PUTMAN Worthington, Ohio

"Order is a lovely thing On disarray it lays its wing Teaching simplicity to sing."

MABEL E. ROBERTSON Florida City, Fla.

"The reason firm, the temperate will Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."







THERESA C. SANER
Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.
"Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy?"

GERALDINE B. SHIMP Reamstown, Pa.

"She walks well, stands well, sits well
—things so rare
To praise as they deserve I hardly
dare!

HANNAH M. SNYDER
Shamokin, Pa.
"We are the Music-makers."

MILDRED VAUGHN Waynesboro, Ga.

"An equal mixture of good humor And sensible soft melancholy."

MILDRED H. WAGNER Lenoir, N. C.

"So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly—
Her demeaning."

FLORENCE M. WEAVER Mount Pleasant, Pa.

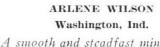
"A heart so soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou can'st
find."











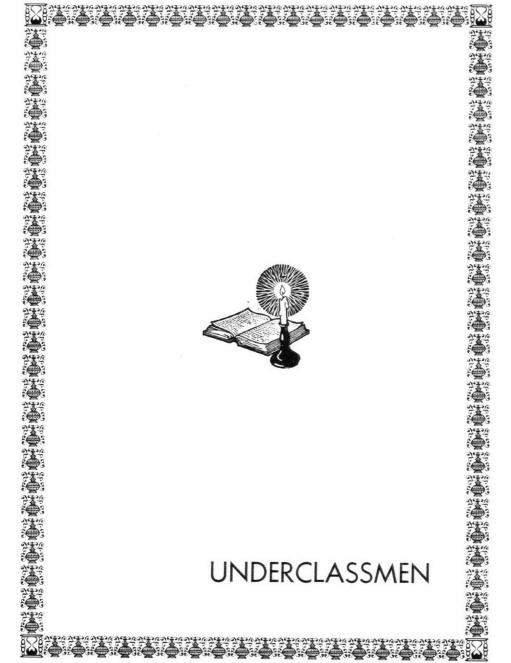
"A smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires."



MYRTLE L. WINNES
Portland, N. D.

"Your strength is as a hill It is a dark pine tree."









CLASS OF 1932

Greta M. Askman	Beverly, Mass.
Geraldine V. Baker	Latrobe, Pa.
Louise F. Bare	Staunton, Va.
Onnie M. Blakely	Laurens, S. C.
Mildred O. Chapman	
Elizabeth Deahl	Newburg, W. Va.
Geneva C. Dodson	
Helen E. Duncan	Canton, Ohio
Dorothy G. Dungan	St. Clairsville, Ohio
Dorethy S. Dunham	Neenah, Wis.
Mildred M. Eckert	Freeland, Pa.
Anne E. Elrick	
Elinor J. Evenson	Milwaukee, Wis.
Elizabeth L. Farrell	Moundsville, W. Va.
Mary K. Foster	Blanche, N. C.
Matylle D. Gerson	Frostburg, Md.
Marian K. Ginder	Columbia City, Ind.
Frances C. Gunn	Augusta, Ga
Clara G. Hanson	Clayton, Wis.
Malissie Z. Hensley	Hoadly, Va.
Glendora L. Herriott	Romney, W. Va.
Jennie H. Holm	St. Ignace, Mich.
Beatrice C. Hoyt	
Virginia E. Kline	
Veronica T. Kosco	St. Marys, Pa.
Hazel B. Kreider	
Julia K. Lane	
Lois S. Lane	Lynn, Mass.
Harriet G. Lee	Great Barrington, Mass.
Evelyn L. Lovett	Stephens City, Va.
Dorothy L. Mabry	Hampton, Va.

Gladys E. McCollum	Warren, Ohio
Kathryn A. McKnight	Greenville, S. C.
Elizabeth G. Mixson	
Pansy V. Murphy	Leaksville, N. C.
Nelle S. Murphy	Jonesboro, Tenn.
Margaret M. O'Toole	Scottdale, Pa.
Cora E. Pike	Augusta, Me.
Evangeline A. Poyet	Sheffield, Ala.
Dorothy Raby	
Nancy Sciortino	Long Hill, Conn.
Sara G. Shriner	Riverside, N. J.
Ruth A. Singleton	Vienna, Va.
Juliana J. Smith	Milwaukee, Wis.
Dovie R. Stallings	Zebulon, N. C.
Ruth J. Stiles	Southbury, Conn.
Mabel G. Stott	Kulpmont, Pa.
Reba E. Turley	Leesburg, Va.
Mary E. Vetter	Grant, Iowa
Naomi S. Waddell	Marion, Ohio
Helen G. Waugh	Columbia City, Ind.
Elizabeth E. Wonser	Granton, Wis.
Mildred V. Wyne	Clifton Forge, Va.
Marie C. Zeller	Baltimore, Md.
Melba M. Zirkle	Invermay, Va.
CLASS OF	1933
Virginia H. Bennett	Chevy Chase, Md.
Bettine Bradish	
Sally B. Bradley	Spencer, W. Va.
Salie C. L. Browne	Greensboro, N. C.
Ruby F. Bryant	



Wilsie C. Canada	Pamplin, Va.
Arline B. Chaney	Versailles, Ky.
Laura E. Churchill	Fort Benning, Ga.
Ada C. Clark	
Alice Forsht	Juniata, Pa.
Laura E. Goodale	Bedford, Iowa
Concetta L. Grieco	Lock Haven, Pa.
Louise T. Hamilton	Lebanon, Ohio
Helen M. Highee	Burlington, N. J.
Mary J. Hoag	
Ethel T. Hutchinson	Bethel, Me.
Mary B. Hutchison	Kenmore, N. Y.
Elizabeth N. Johnson	Plainfield, Wis.
Mary L. Kyzer	Darlington, S. C.
Kathryn M. Larson	
Mary S. McNabb	
Winifred C. Marsh	Elroy, Wis.
Lillian M. Marshall	South Norfolk, Va.
Virginia R. Marshall	Shepherdstown, W. Va.
Margaret C. Mears	Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
Martha L. Odom	
Elizabeth M. Oechsler	Dundalk, Md.
Mary A. Ola	Geistown, Pa.
Evelyn A. Pass	Trout Run, Pa.
Mary I. Rinehart	Marion, Ohio
Catherine LaP. Smith	Oklahoma City, Okla,
Martha A. Thomas	Montezuma, Ind.
Mary E. Vanderward	South Portland, Me.
Helen F. Vaughan	Augusta, Ga.
Evelyn C. Vette	Marshalltown, Iowa
Lillian L. Westfall	Buckhannon, W. Va.
Mary A. White	Linden, Va.
Wilma R. Whitney	Portland, Me.
Elizabeth Woods	Greensboro, N. C.
Mary H. Zabrick	Dover, N. H.



Class of 1934

Ethel E. Allison	Johnstown, Pa.
Elizabeth Ammerman	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mai H. Bailey	Port Gibson, Miss.
Donza B. Beane	Augusta, Ga.
Alice D. Burr	Prince Frederick, Md.
Charlotte F. Hiehle	Philadelphia, Pa.
Nina B. Hutchison	Delmar, Del.
Frances E. Keenan	Bridgeport, Neb.
Mabel N. Lesley	Easley, S. C.
Lynn N. Lovette	Greeneville, Tenn.
Ella M. Macha	Miami, Fla.
Frances E. Mann	
Lily V. Massey	Silesia, Md.
Nellie R. Pratt	Leaksville, N. C.
Elizabeth Pritchard	Miami, Fla.
Lucile C. Rice	Greenwood, S. C.
Charlotte E. Richmond	
Jessa M. Searcy	Patriot, Ind.
Sidonie E. Taute	Fort Monroe, Va.
Mary E. Turner	Pink Hill, N. C
Helen C. Waid	
Elisabeth S. White	Delmar, Del.
Coralyn W. Wright	

THE STORY OF THE ARMY SCHOOL OF NURSING

How the School Began

This year is a memorable one. It marks the tenth birthday of the first class graduating from the Army School of Nursing and we, the Class of 1931, are the tenth class to be graduated. But of those of us who are about to leave Walter Reed how many know and appreciate our rich heritage and the romantic story of the beginning of our school?

The history of most of our well-known schools of nursing such as Bellevue, Johns Hopkins, Philadelphia General, etc., is that of slow growth and gradual evolution from a small struggling group of students to a powerful school. On the contrary, the Army School of Nursing, large, strong, and efficient from its very beginning, was called forth in answer to a great need. And that need was the stirring call for nurses during the World War. It is difficult for us now after thirteen years of peace to reconstruct that terrible scene; men on the battlefields bing mowed down by thousands; men lying for days in mud and cold, wounded and bleeding, without medical care; base hospitals operating with a staff of nurses so small in proportion to the need that it would seem ridiculous had it not been so tragic. Transports coming over loaded with wounded men were transferred to our military hospitals and the urgent call for nurses and more nurses, young, skilled, brave nurses became more and more insistent. And the terrible nightmare of fire and slaughter went on day after day and no man knew when the end would come.

It was in those dark, dark months early in 1918 that the idea of the Army School of Nursing was born. On May 25th the recommendation of the Surgeon General for the establishment of the school was approved by the Secretary of War. Miss Goodrich, who later became the first dean of the school, writes: "As the result of a conference in the Surgeon General's Office, the chairman of the Red Cross nursing service, the superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps and the chief inspecting nurse were appointed a committee to prepare a plan for the suggested school."

"The course of training will be given in the various base hospitals assigned as training camps, each unit having its own director, its staff of lecturers, instructors and supervisors and its teaching equipment."

The first pamphlets were sent out June 7, 1918, and about the same time newspaper articles and notices about the new school appared in the leading newspapers all over the country. On June 17th, ten days later, there were

75 applicants for the proposed school of nursing. That this wide-spread appeal received a wonderful response from the young womenhood of the nation is clearly shown by the fact that in one week alone there were 1,249 applications. By November 11th, Armistice Day, 10,689 applications had been received, of which 5,267 were accepted. There were 1,069 students on duty in 25 military hospitals, and 567 students on duty in 32 hospitals.

In addition to the Army School of Nursing, the instruction in nursing was to be given at the various women's colleges and at the completion of the students were to be transferred to military hospitals for ward work. Also the graduating classes of civilian nursing schools were to be assimilated into the service. Besides this augmented nursing staff a large group of women known as hospital attendants and Red Cross aides were to attend to various hospital duties and so reserve the nurses for actual nursing care. This gives one some conception of the tremendous nursing programme which was so rapidly becoming effectual in the six short months after its inception.

Student Days at a Base Hospital

There were girls from all parts of the country and almost every occupation and station of life who went to the 32 camp hospitals. Their ages ranged anywhere from 21 to 35 years. Many arrived just as the great flue epidemic of 1918 broke out, and with wonderful courage and untiring energy they worked long hours on duty and won the admiration and coöperation of both officers and men.

Miss Goodrich includes an excellent description of student life at Camp Grant, Illinois, in the "History of the Army School of Nursing" from which the following excerpts are taken:

"The first group of students arrived August 14, 1918. They were typical 'rookies' dressed in every conceivable costume and very much excited over their new environment. They expected and were willing to live in barracks and undergo many of the hardships that are ordinarily experienced in the field service. Attractive quarters were built and furnished. The students were assigned to duty the following day. Drill was promptly started—the same foot drills as are given the enlisted men of the Medical Department. They were intelligent and grasped the idea rapidly. However, there were two features that were difficult to overcome and not ordinarily encountered in drilling enlisted men. One was looking around and laughing, while the other was an uncontrollable desire to be continually fixing their hair.

"The second group of 30 girls arrived September 18, 1918, the same day that the flu epidemic broke out in camp. That afternoon they made gauze masks and learned to make beds. The next morning they made beds and got the barracks ready to admit sick soldiers. They cleaned linen closets, and the kitchen, washed dishes and did whatever was necessary. After the beds were made, sputum cups, paper bags for refuse, towels, bathrobe, slippers and a pajama suit were arranged at each bed."



Routine Life at Camp Grant

"The life of an Army student nurse although supposedly arranged according to regular routine, is nevertheless subject to the most unexpected and varied experiences. We arise at 5:45 and at 6:25, must be ready to answer breakfast mess call with quarters in perfect order, to go directly from the mess hall to wards for morning duty.

From 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. there is ward work, classes, lectures, and drill. We average five hours' ward work and one hour military drill. In the wards, we make beds, give baths, rub backs, prepare diets, take temperatures and tidy the wards.

"At 4:45 every night except Saturday and Sunday the hospital force stands retreat. Headed by the base hospital band, the medical officers, graduate nurses, student nurses and enlisted men march up Hospital Street, and forming one long line pay tribute to the flags of America and the Red Cross as they are lowered for the day. Differing from retreat in the other parts of the camp, here the column of khaki is interrupted by a line of graduate nurses all in white with Red Cross capes, and student nurses in blue uniforms, white collars and cuffs and khaki sweaters."

There were all sorts of social activities, including music, dancing, glee clubs, playlets, drilling and outdoor sports.

Something About Uniforms

The uniform which was practically the same as those worn today, blue with white collars and cuffs and black tie, won for the students the name of "bluebirds." The uniform and the insignia of the bronze lamp superimposed on the caduceus was duly authorized by the Adjutant General. Blue overseas caps and blue capes lined with red were usually worn out-of-doors but for street wear or affiliation a dark-blue tailored uniform and hat were worn. During wartime the uniform was worn constantly, on the street as well as the post. In some of the northern camps students were outfitted by the Quartermaster Corps with khaki leggings, coats and overcoats for outdoor drill and hikes.

After the War, What?

The Army School of Nursing starting its career so triumphantly in its early months came to an abrupt halt with the signing of the Armistice. Was the Army School of Nursing too simply another of the grandiose but ephmeral creations of the war that would vanish when their brief span of usefulness was over? Was this great dream of some of the wisest heads in the medical and nursing professions which had become a reality in so short a space of time to be scrapped along with the silent guns and other useless equipment of war? Was it simply a war measure or did it have another purpose to fulfill? Opinions differed.

And what happened within the school? The students were told that if they wished to leave they were under no obligation to remain. No one knew what the fate of the school was to be. Gradually the girls left in twos and threes feeling that they were no longer needed. But many hopefully and loyally remained, waiting to see what the outcome would be.

One student writes in the 1921 annual, "The school now entered on a strange and kaleidoscopic period, we were shuffled about like pieces in a Chinese puzzle. We were sent from base hospital to affiliation and back to th Army again, or shifted from one camp to another, never with the least idea of where we would go next. All the small base hospitals gave up their students; only four posts, Fox Hills, Sheridan, Letterman and Walter Reed retained the training school. At last it was only Letterman and Walter Reed. We were parted from the places where we had done our first work; we were parted from the directors to whom we had given our first lovalty; we were parted even from our friends, sent as we often were on different affiliations. It was hard, but we learned a lesson from it. In the civilian hospitals among strangers we all clung together, and walking the streets of Philadelphia, Chicago, New York or San Francisco, we hailed any girl in our uniform like a sister, even if we had never seen her before. We had learned to look on the entire Army School as our Alma Mater, and not the particular camp from which we came."

In March, 1919, it was decided that it was only fair that those girls who had given up excellent positions and had left their homes and friends to take up an entirely new profession in order that they might be of use to their country in its hour of need should be permitted to complete their course if they desired to remain. Then, due in part to the enthusiasm, interest and loyalty of this remaining group, a new class was admitted in the fall. That same fall of 1920 the school was permanently organized. Of the 1.578 students enrolled in 1918, 508 completed the course in the Class of 1921. In October, 1923, the nursing school connected with Letterman General was discontinued. The entire student body, accompanied by one of their instructors, was sent by transport from San Francisco via the Panama Canal to New York and thence to Washington, D. C., where they arrived for duty at Walter Reed Hospital November 21, 1923.

And the House Withstood the Tempest For It Was Builded on a Rock

By 1925 we see, as the following paragraph taken from the Surgeon General's Report of that year shows, the growing stability of the school and its definite position as an integral part of the Medical Department. Also simply and clearly expressed are the purposes and ideals for which the school stands:

"The Army School of Nursing is a part of the Army Medical Center. It differs however from other schools of the Center in that it is an undergraduate school and prepares its students for their professional careers whether in civil or military life. The course of study in the School of Nursing is not supplementary to other professional education but is in itself a complete preparation for the profession of nursing. The period of study and practice does not have

for its object the fitting of young women for service in the Army but the preparing of them to take their place in any nursing organization in any community."

"Say, Buddy!"

The story of the growth and development of the School of Nursing is bound up inextricably with the development of Walter Reed Hospital. At the beginning of the war, the hospital could accommodate 950 patients and at the end of the war the bed capacity was increased to 2,500. To take care of this tremendous increase, numerous little wooden temporary buildings were grouped around the beautiful Main Building or Administration Building like so many little chicks.

Although there were many men within these wooden wards with stories far more tragic than one becomes accustomed to find in civilian hospitals, a visitor going through these wards would find the patients more cheerful and happy than those in other hospitals. Not only the patients but also the doctors and nurses were imbued with this bright, friendly spirit. This spirit which many have attempted to analyze has various names. The students call it "The Old Army Spirit," and it is very definitely a characteristic of the Army School of Nursing. Students on affiliation are peculiarly quick to recognize it in each other, and even strangers working with Army students can detect it.

The Old Order Changeth

It was feared that in 1924 when the process of demolishing the temporary wards replacing them with permanent buildings that this spirit would be lost. Would the incoming classes accustomed from the very beginning of their course to the modern, efficient, institutionalized wards never know the individuality and friendliness that characterized the old wards and the personnel of the war era. But the heritage of the experience of the early classes was too vivid and strong not to leave a lasting impression on the class who were to follow. Now, in 1931, the last of the temporary buildings are being torn down. The last to go are the students' quarters. Soon they too will be living in the beautiful new home for nurses, Delano Hall. Work has already been begun on the wing of the enlarged Medical School in which the Army School of Nursing is to be established. But no matter what buildings the Army School of Nursing occupies nor how long it continues its work of educating students for the nursing profession it can never forget the precious memories of its pioneer days.

The Chaotic Decade

During the past ten years, the school has had, time and again, to justify its existence. To the Army it has had to prove why a school of nursing was a valuable part of the Army Medical Center; to the nursing world it has had

to prove that a school of nursing within the Army had a definite, specialized piece of work to accomplish in the field of nursing education. The Army School of Nursing has proved both of these points conclusively in the past ten years. Like all young growing things it has made its little mistakes but with the vision of its founders before it, it has always held fast to those things which are good.

De Amicis

Perhaps no school in the whole history of nursing has been blessed with such able leaders and such a host of good friends as the Army School of Nursing. To attempt to name them all would be an impossible task. No matter how dark the hour, there have always been wise kind friends to stand by the school. They have given their advice, their time, their effort, their support and their encouragement. Without them the school would be impotent, but with them it is invincible.

And now we are breaking off our story of the Army School of Nursing for it is not a tale that is told but one that has just begun.

M. E. K.

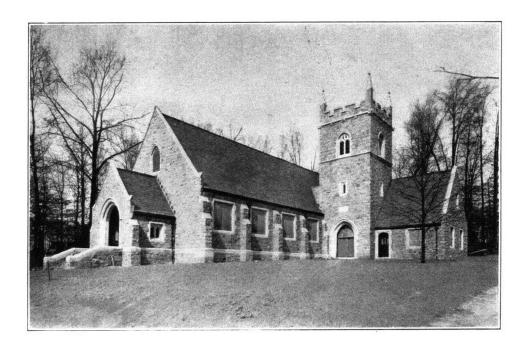
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LINES ON THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL

I pause along my way,

And see builded on a wooded knoll

A tiny Chapel.

I, a soldier; knowing the complexities of life, peace and war, tears, and death unbeautiffied,

Have now a rendezvous with God.

As the lark wings its way into rosy skies at break of dawn, So my heart bounds with gladness.

For this is mine,

Wherein to lift my voice in song, to pray, to bow my head and know a peace with heaven.

Touched am I with notes from its sweet bell
Within the Gothic tower hung;
Its musical strains shall so touch the hearts of crippled comrades
Free, not as I, to answer call to service within the portals of this gem of stone,
But who, hearing, shall love the thing whose harmony mingles joy and pain till
each is one.

We who have fought And lost—and won, Ask memorial no nobler Than this—enshrinement of all for which we lived—

Page Fifty-one

Our sacrifices, our deaths, our broken lives.
Not blazoned in a gaudy arrayment of costly towers,
But mellowed into a picture of beautiful simplicity
As the light bathes the chancel's marble floor
And colors those blossoms
Blooming beside the silver cross upon the altar
With an afterglow of love.

Symbols— As from the pulpit Words of comfort come unto the maimed and to the blind, The least of these— As even it has come from one who loves her fellowmen. The baptismal font, emblem of purity, The buttresses of a nation's army, Supporting strength of her glorious civilization.

As the organ wafts its music through the nave, And sends forth its peaceful strains, A soft echo returning from the mourning chapel, That quiet place where death is kissed by life in last farewell, In sad, sweet notes whispers of the silent places Where rest the soldier dead Apart, as even those who rest in unknown graves.

Comfort and cheer to us, who.
Pledging ourselves a nation's flower unto her cause,
Yet seek our Leader in the Lord of Hosts.
Being faithful unto death to none worthier,
We salute our Captain
And raise our voices in glad rejoicing
As at reveille our flag unfurls its glorious colors.
We stand reverently, inspired,
As one
In appreciation of this handiwork of God.

SARA GREENE SHRINER.





A FAREWELL

(Within the Little Chapel)

Weep not for me, my own;
Thou who has loved the form which now lies cold beneath thy falling tears;
We are but transient—
And I have lived with thee, and loved, even as thou has loved.

Within this sanctuary, soft with lights and silence, We are the living and the dead—
The plan of the Creator—immortal soul and mortal sod; We are the parting of the ways,
Thou here, I beyond, to God.

And yet, I bid thee not a sad adieu, but hold to thee a welcome;
When thine own heart shall heed the call to travel forth another way,
And sweet Death shall close thy gentle lips—
Thou shalt join me.
I shall wait thee
Where rainbow colors harmonize and blend into a sea of boundless vastness,
And white winged ships breast waves and sail unhampered, free
With winds that fill their sails wih joy of being,
As thy heart fills now with sorrow.

Do thou go on with life;
Return thy thoughts but to the happy moments that were ours;
I would not have thee grieve, but rather would I have thee smile upon the world.
Thy hands that plied for me a worthy work
Give to others,
That they may know what joy was mine.

The past is gone.
The present dims as twilight—
Yet a little while—and thou shalt be as I.
Farewell.

SARA GREENE SHRINER.



A PRAYER

FOR COMMENCEMENT DAY ARMY SCHOOL of NURSING

MAY 29, 1931

DEAR LORD, who hast given us youth and strength and the joyous gift of laughter; Teach us, who are about to do Thy work of caring for the sick and the afflicted, patience, knowledge, and skill. As we minister at each bedside may it be with watchful eyes, gentle hands, and an understanding heart. Give us courage to do whatever is required of us, and grant us, O Lord, faith in the hours of darkness. Help us to bring peace to troubled minds and weary bodies. And to each soul who is lonely and afraid, help us to give some measure of assurance and a sense of Thy protective care and love.

Keep us from hardness of heart, and teach us kindliness and tolerance toward each patient who is entrusted to our care. Grant that each day we may discover anew the freshness and beauty and mystery of Thy creation. Help us to forget the sorrows of the sick-room and to enjoy the blue sky, the birds and the shining sun. Let us always keep a bright gladness in our hearts. Teach us to grow in grace and sweetness. And be Thou always with us, a Light to guide us on our way.





QUERY

Why did I come to love this garden so?

Now I am rooted here, this beauty has

Encompassed me with little subtle things

That poignant breath of lilac late one night

Borne on a damp spring wind that tore me like a kiss.

The symphony of black branched, sunlit trees,

Mounting to one golden note; at dusk

The dimming paths, the roses growing wan

With passion of the night. Oh it is hard

To leave this now! I did not think

That at the end this pain would come. It seemed

That I would greet the going joyfully

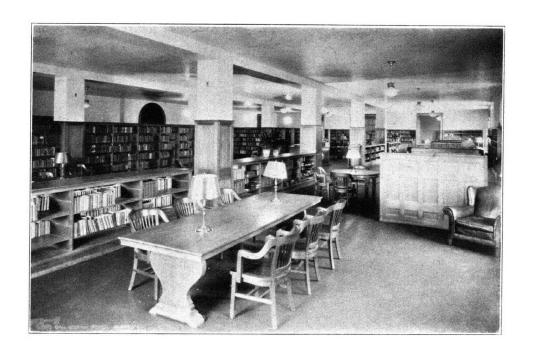
With strength for strife, and now I hesitate,

Sick with fear of all outside this peace.



THE OPERATING ROOM

HE busiest hours of our work at Walter Reed are spent in the Operating Room—that dazzling white amphitheatre, brightly lighted where the greatest of all dramas is played—the drama of life and death. Here, many times during the, day and often at night, the white robed, masked figures of surgeons, anesthetists and nurses are gathered to perform each his part. Be the role a major or a minor one the same care, precision and skill are demanded of each. Silence, tense and brooding, prevades the atmosphere -silence broken only by the click of instruments as they pass swiftly from one hand to another, or occasionally by the brief staccato orders of the surgeon-silence as solemn as the chorus of a Greek tragedy. And everywhere the busy little white-gowned nurses, hurrying here and there wherever they are most needed. High up on the wall, the inscrutable face of the clock looks down over the heads of the protagonists, its implacable hands cutting up Eternity into minutes. How many times have pain and death been vanquished here and how many souls have found relief and the bright hope of life within these walls?



THE LIBRARY

HEN we are tired, when the expected letter didn't come, when we find an odd hour on our hands between duty and classes, when we are restless and bored, when we have something to look up for class, and for a thousand and one other reasons we go to the Library. Here is a veritable treasure house in which we can lose ourselves in the beauty of some immortal poem or in the life of some great man and go back to our own life refreshed and strengthened.

One has only to step into this quiet room to feel its charm and friendliness. The glowing orange lamps and the deep, luxurious leather chairs invite one to relax and throw off the annoyances of the day. Sink into one of these deep chairs and look around you. Several patients are reading with evident enjoyment the newspapers and magazines in the magazine corner. A soldier is writing at one of the little desks. Several student nurses are clustered around an encyclopedia in the reference section. A curly-headed child is looking at "Alice in Wonderland." Near the door stands the library wagon being stacked with books to take to the wards in the morning, and at the desk sits a calm, gray-gowned librarian with a quiet smile of welcome on her face.



TO THE ARMY STUDENT NURSE

Gray-blue gown, with flapping cap of white, Laughing, happy helper of the day, Silent watcher of the night.

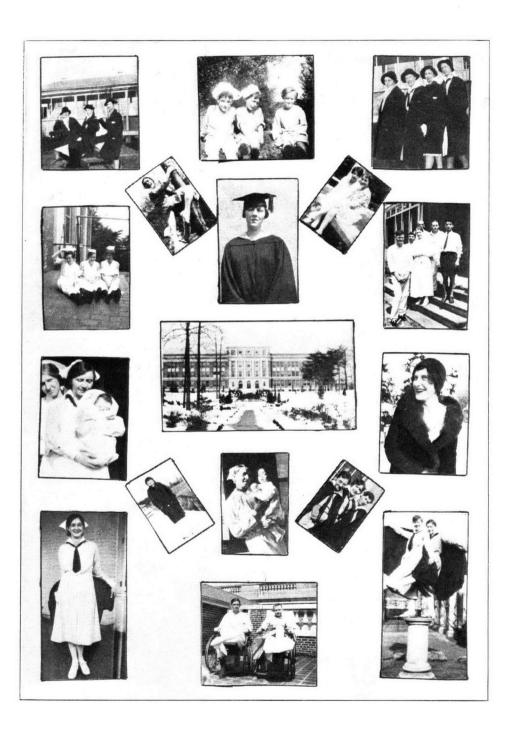
None there are who know your worth so well As those who from some pain-bed hell Watched and waited for your smile, Your helping hand, through illness' trial. Your whole intent to ease our curse, Little Army Student Nurse.

DAVID W. COAN.

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STATISTICS

Gentle Reader, do you know that during the year ending January 1, 1931, at Walter Reed Hospital—

That there were 6,871 patients admitted of whom 3,943 had blue eyes, 1,070 were bow-legged and 3.5% had fallen arches.

That of the 266 babies born in Ward 21, more than 11% put in their appearance between 2:00 A.M.—5:00 A.M.

That during the 3,009 operations performed there was enough Iodine used to paint the Washington Monument a rich deep brown and enough gauze dressing used to completely costume six productions of the Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

That if all the adhesive tape used during this year were placed end to end it would stickily encircle the equator $3\frac{1}{2}$ times.

That there were 740,122 sheets washed and ironed by the Post laundry. Of this number 329,863 had 900 square corners folded in them by preliminary students in the wards.

That there were 11,657 tons of coal burned during the year.

That of the 294,152 pounds of bread baked on the Post, 4,036 pounds were toasted by student nurses in the Diet Kitchen, with the resultant loss by burning of less than 2.5%.

That there are 88 Officers in the Officers' Medical Corps, 9 Officers of the Dental Corps, 4 Officers of the Veterinary Corps and 7 Officers of the Medical Administration Corps, making a total of 108 Officers, 127 Graduate Nurses and 142 Student Nurses.



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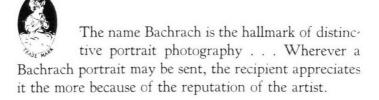
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Our entire organization joins in extending thanks to the Schools and Colleges whom we are serving and have served in the past. Their number has increased from year to year, making this, 1931, our banner year, with almost 100 staffs having placed their contracts and confidence with us.

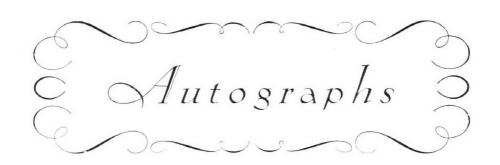
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